

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



"HOW ARE MY FOXES TO BE KEPT," SAID THE SQUIRE, "UNLESS THEY HAVE RABBITS TO EAT."

THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCES THE READER TO A PLEASANT SPOT IN OLD ENGLAND.

At a time when England was England—which, in the present instance, is to be taken to mean before the era of ocean steamers, railroads, and cotton, and when manufactures, free trade, political economy, religious toleration, general education, ragged schools, and other new-fangled notions, had not quite entirely (as the lovers of "good old times" say) corrupted the whole nation and

introduced the present deplorable state of society—I say, when England *was* England, there was a certain gentleman, of a plentiful estate, dwelling in a certain county, which need not be particularly indicated.

As this gentleman has something to do with our story, however, (or our story with this gentleman,) we tender for him his card—this being a ceremony which he rarely performed for himself. It reads thus: "Miles Oakley, of 'The Oaks,' Oakley, Esquire." The interpretation of this being, that the estate of Oakley had in some by-gone time given its ancient Saxon name to its possessors, one of whom—a valiant soldier of the earlier Tudors, on

coming home from the French wars with a vastly accumulated fortune—reared upon his land an edifice of wonderful stability and imposing grandeur, and happily abbreviated his patronymic designation as a suitable title for the castellated mansion thus erected. This title he considered as being at the same time euphonical, alliterative, descriptive, and suggestive; which cannot be said of all titles now-a-days.

And what a fine old place "The Oaks" was. Let me borrow its description partly from a writer who surely must have sketched the old "Hearth and Homestead" years and years ago, as it then stood, from life and nature.

"What an old place 'The Oaks' was! Great gable ends jutted out here and there, bound and laid in with oak; and iron bars were screwed and rivetted together at equal distances throughout the massive walls, as if in defiance of the crumbling hand of time, and the ravages of tempests, and the storms of ages. A dried fosse surrounded the building, on the banks of which many a garden flower grew, and tall elms now towered from the very bed—convincing proof that it must have been a long time ago since it had been applied for the purpose of defence.

"In the centre was a stone porch, and from a deep groove cut in the coping-stone, and the rusty sockets of a shot-bolt, it was clear that a portcullis had once been suspended above it as further means of protection. Thick, sturdy limbs of ivy clung in every direction about the walls, and stretched themselves far and wide, even to the roof and about the tall and crooked chimneys.

"Then, surrounding the mossy and grey building, giant oaks reared and stretched their stalwart limbs; and, if a few of the trunks of capacious girth had been scooped by age and now afforded hollow homes for a few cozy owls to pass their leisure hours in, yet they bore as fresh and as green leaves, and flapped and fanned them in the summer wind as cheerily, and defied the angry winter blast as bravely, as their more sound and solid companions. Clumps, too, of thick dark firs were dotted here and there about the broad and extensive park adjoining, and the ring-dove cooed at morn and eve among the branches, without disturbing the antlered stag crouched in his lair at the roots."

Such, in its venerable old age, was "The Oaks," while, from its commanding position, its grey walls and ivy-covered battlements were visible far and near.

Below, and shrinking out of sight, and at a respectful distance from the park-gates of the seignorial mansion, was the village of Oakley. Originally a collection of huts intended to harbour the herd of rustic dependents who tilled the land and ministered to the wants of their lords and masters, the rabble rout of human styes had become gradually a street of detached cottages, of various dates, and materials, and styles of architecture; but all manifesting, more or less, an appearance of comfort externally, whatever might have been actually possessed and enjoyed by their inhabitants.

Wherever there is an old manorial residence, a church is not far distant. There was a church within the park-gate at Oakley, nearly coeval with "The Oaks" itself. A half-obliterated, black-letter inscription over its great oaken door, informed the passer-by (supposing he could read it) that the pious work of building that house of prayer was begun and completed by Anthony Oakley, on behalf of "the glorie of God, and for the repose of the souls of his ancestors"—this Anthony Oakley being the son and heir of the valiant soldier before mentioned, who, possibly, intended to build God's house after he had built his own, but found it convenient to transmit

the honour and expenditure to his son. To compensate for his want of zeal, however, he bequeathed on his dying bed sundry fat and flourishing lands to a neighbouring monastery, and a sum of money towards the erection concerning which he had given his son a charge. These matters are all clearly set down in the archives of Oakley.

Of course the Oakleys of those days were Catholics, and the church a Romish church; but *tempora mutantur*; and, not to dive too deeply into the musty records of antiquity, and so raise about our eyes a cloud of venerable dust, which, like that in Jonathan Oldbuck's study, would be very peaceable, inoffensive dust, if left undisturbed, it is sufficient to say that at the Reformation the church lands returned to the ownership of their former proprietors, and the church, purged of its idolatrous rites, gave a decent but not affluent living to a succession of sound Protestant pastors, under the title of Vicars of Oakley, the great tithes of the manor having followed the destination of the church's landed property.

The reader will be kind enough to consider this ecclesiastical digression as an introduction to the vicarage, a modest but not inconvenient dwelling, close by the park-gate; which—

"All that the master wished, and scarce a mile
From village hamlet, to the morning sun
Turns its warm aspect. On a hill,
Half-way between its summit and a brook
Which idly wanders at its foot, it stands,
And looks into a valley, wood-besprent,
That winds along below."

Thus sang one of its occupants in the first blush of his incumbency. He was a love-stricken youth, however, and he was inditing a poetical epistle to his future wife. Whether the vicarage ever remained "all that the master wished," is a question which need not at present be mooted.

Apart from the vicarage, the village of Oakley boasted no superior habitations. But on the surrounding lands, at widely scattered distances, were several farm-houses, with a labourer's cottage or two attached to each. With one exception, these farms, for miles around, belonged to the Oakley estate.

Having thus given a still-life sketch of the landscape before us, our next task is to introduce a few living and moving actors upon the scene.

CHAPTER II.—A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

FIRST in order comes the squire. At the time our story begins, Miles Oakley was nearly approaching his fiftieth year. Early left an orphan, the greater part of his life had been spent on his estate as its sole and undisputed owner. Through the first part of his manhood, an only and maiden sister had been enthroned as mistress of "The Oaks;" and it was not until her decease, which melancholy event transpired when Miles was more than forty years of age, that he awoke to the conviction that it is not good for man to be alone. After a decent interval of mourning, therefore, he looked around him, and mentally chose from among the fair forms which presented themselves to his memory, the daughter of an old school-mate, who lived on a much smaller property than his own, a few miles distant. The wooing was prosperous and short. A few months only passed away, and "The Oaks" had another mistress.

People wondered at the choice of Miles Oakley. His bride was thirty years old, and had—as was averred—neither figure, fortune, nor pedigree. The whisper, by some means or other, reached the squire's ear; and he

broke out into one of his good-humoured, vehement laughs.

"As to figure," said he—"which I understand to include personal beauty, face, complexion, and so forth—it is enough if my Lucy pleases me. Every man to his taste; and Lucy is to mine. As to fortune, I reckon the Oakleys never had occasion to marry for money; and I am thankful that I have not set such a bad example to those who may come after me. And as to pedigree, there's enough and to spare of that in my old family tree; and it is the husband's blood that ennobles the wife, and not the wife's the husband."

In point of fact, Miles Oakley had sufficient reason to be satisfied with the prize he had drawn in the matrimonial lottery. Better than figure, fortune, or pedigree, the lady of "The Oaks" had an affectionate disposition, good temper, and excellent common sense, with a sufficiency of female accomplishment to satisfy a more fastidious husband than the squire was ever likely to prove. And having said this, we may return to that gentleman himself, and give his portrait, which has elsewhere been drawn, with pen and ink.

"Old friends, old books"—(not that he ever troubled the books much, though)—"old wine, old customs, and old wood to burn," was the standing toast at "The Oaks;" and as the squire used to rise with his beaming, ruddy face, and clear, glistening eyes, to give his favourite zest to the bumper, seldom, if ever, was there seen a finer "old English gentleman." His hair, thinly sprinkled upon his brow, was so white—(he had begun to grow gray at twenty)—that the slight shake of powder blended with it in no way heightened its bleached hue; and the scrupulous care with which the small pigtail was gathered into shape, and evenly bound with black riband, formed the very *beau idéal* of one of those now obsolete appurtenances to a man of fashion. The cambric neckcloth, too, was folded and tied without a wrinkle; and if it bore a somewhat stiff appearance, and, of necessity, led the observer to think of the consistency of starch, still its very formality gave an air which a flabby, ill-conditioned cravat never yet had coupled with it. Then there was the long buff waistcoat, of almost interminable length, and the wide-skirted blue coat, with buttons of the very brightest polish, and the drab "shorts," which, when the gaiter was off, exhibited the very model of a calf and ankle encased in fine ribbed silk stockings. Such was the costume of the squire of "The Oaks," and such had been—if those rows of chubby-faced portraits in the corridor were authentic evidence—the outward semblance of many a former proprietor. It is true, by far the greater number of them were in more antique costumes. Flowing wigs, lace ruffles, velvet, long waists, short waists, there were in abundance; but the fresher paintings in the collection were so much like the present occupier, that they would have passed exceedingly well for pictures taken of him at various stages of his life.

Add to the above description of Miles Oakley's outer man, that he stood six feet two "in his stockings," was well proportioned, could walk ten miles, if need were, before breakfast, and had a grip like a blacksmith's vice, and our readers may picture the squire as seen in the prime and ripeness of manhood.

Nature does not often enshrine an ignoble mind and essentially mean spirit in so noble a frame as that of Miles Oakley. She had not done so in this instance; for the squire was generous-hearted; and, as circumstances were favourable to the development of this constitutional virtue, he was open-handed also. The result of this was highly favourable to his reputation in the

world, and especially among his numerous tenants and dependants, who basked in the sunshine of his favour. His servants were well fed and kindly treated, from Jem, the stable-helper, to Mr. Silverkey, the portly butler; the greater part of them were old stagers at "The Oaks," and they knew that, when too old to work, pensions and rent-free cottages awaited them.

Even the squire's horses and dogs shared in this genial considerateness. Not that Miles Oakley spared either horse or dog in the chase, for the squire was a fox-hunter to the back-bone; but their stables and kennels were palatial, their food was of the first quality, they were tenderly treated when sick; and when old age crept upon them, the horses had the run of the park, and the dogs, of the house, for the remainder of their days.

I have said that Miles Oakley did not much trouble his old books, though he had a library which an antiquary would have envied. The truth is, the squire was no student; and a strict regard for veracity compels me to admit that he had a kind of good-natured contempt for those who were bookish. Moreover, he had a stout aversion to the education of the poor. In this respect, however, he did not stand alone—his aversion being a very common one among the gentlemen of Old England of that date, who, as a body, sincerely believed that to teach "the lower orders" to read, and write, and cipher, would be the first step to an entire revolution, which, indeed, was true, but not in the way they understood it.

Such being the notion of our squire, it may be gathered that education was not far advanced in the village of Oakley. There was a school, however, kept by an ancient dame of wonderfully sour aspect, to which the cottage mothers sent their refractory children of seven years old and under, to get them out of the way; but the less said of the amount and quality of erudition there given and received, the better.

To return to Miles Oakley, whose popularity in no wise suffered from his dislike of learning, especially as he encouraged manly sports, and permitted that degree of familiarity towards himself from his villagers which he accorded to his well-conducted hounds.

Christmas-time was a jovial time at "The Oaks." Then landlord and tenant, master and hind, met on common ground in the great hall of the old mansion. A large fire of enormous billets burned and blazed on the broad hearth-stone; long oaken tables were loaded with big rounds and sirloins of beef, mountains of puddings, and cans of nut-brown October; while the squire himself presided at the feast, and afterwards joined in the revels, which became more fast and furious as the small hours advanced, and as the fumes of repeated and potent draughts mounted higher and higher, till the closing toast was given, by the master himself, of "Health and prosperity through another year to all true Oakleyites." Then followed the shoutings of lusty voices, till the roof-trees and rafters rang again; and then the village revellers adjourned to their homes through the broad avenues of the old park, awakening the echoes as they went with their noisy and half-drunken snatches of song.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This is as true collectively and socially as it is individually; and it was true of the sowing of Miles Oakley. Little as he was aware of it, his was not the sowing to produce good fruit. The indiscriminate generosity, reaching even to lavishness, in which he indulged, encouraged idleness and debauchery. The feudal tie between himself and his neighbours, of which he was vain, and which he did his best to strengthen, brought

about a slavish cringing towards himself, and an insolent disrespect towards all besides, neither of which feelings were compatible with true and sturdy independence. His pandering to the lower appetites of his dependants, and his discouragement of those higher and nobler aspirations, the germs of which are not entirely wanting even in what are called the lower orders, issued in the weakening of moral restraints. Hypocritical and time-serving, the selfish population around "The Oaks" maintained a quiet bearing and showed a fair outside to their unsuspecting patron; but, within, all was social rottenness. To use a figure which the squire would have understood, the Oakleyites, of whom he boasted, hallooed with the huntsman and ran with the hounds, but their training had imbued them with the craft and mischief of the fox. I wonder whether there may not be a few Oakleys yet discoverable in England.

CHAPTER III.—SHADES OF CHARACTER.

HAVING dwelt at some length on what may be considered the brighter side of the squire's character, we must mention one or two defects with which it was shaded.

In the first place, Miles Oakley was an earnest and hearty hater. It is true, his hatred was not easily roused. He would forgive, in a good-humoured way, a dozen offences which would have enraged an irritable man; but woe to the poor wight by whom his resentment was provoked. He never—or rarely indeed—forgave; and even the influence of his wife (in no other case unsuccessfully exerted) was powerless in this. Like a sleugh-hound, he would follow his victim with steady vindictiveness, and when it was in his power, crush him in the dust without remorse.

It must be said, however, that, in the few instances in which this course was pursued by him, the avenger discriminated between the offender and the offender's kith and kin. The hatred was personal and individual, not general and wide-spread. Thus, when Black Giles, on whom the squire had heaped unnumbered benefits from his youth upwards, ungratefully touched his benefactor on the tenderest point, by mixing himself up with a gang of poachers, and guiding them into the choicest Oakley preserves, and was captured after a sanguinary struggle with the gamekeepers, led on by Miles Oakley himself, who fought like any three, as was afterwards said—I say, when Black Giles was for this heinous offence prosecuted without mercy, and—every engine of the law being set in motion to secure the severest punishment that could be inflicted—was transported for life, his wife and children thenceforward lived upon the squire's bounty, and received constant and special favours from his hands. He had no spite against the woman, he said, though he knew her to be a bad one; and, as to the boys and girls, he was not going to visit the sins of the father upon the children. So he set Tom Giles up in business, and when he failed he set him up again; and when he turned out so irretrievably dissipated and idle that money slipped between his fingers like water, he took the young fellow into his own service, and allowed him to cheat and rob him as he liked. And so with the rest of the family, who may be said to have lived in clover all the days of the squire's natural life. Then, indeed, came a change; but with this our story has nothing to do.

And now that I am on the subject, I would just note that nothing more quickly nor certainly aroused the anger of the good-tempered squire than to venture a doubt as to the righteousness and justice of the game laws, or to hint that animals, wild by nature, and untamed and unrestrained, are common property. He was, in fact—

though he boasted of his Saxon blood—a true copyist of the Norman tyrant who "loved the red deer as though they were his children," and thought no penalty, except that of hanging, drawing, and quartering—which he mercifully would have kept in reserve for high treason—too great for those who infringed his personal rights in this matter.

Thus, while Miles Oakley was a liberal and indulgent landlord, he tied down his farmer-tenants by the strictest clauses to respect his game.

"But the rabbits, your honour,—" expostulated a farmer who pleaded the damage wrought by them on his green crops.

"The rabbits, Barton: if I ever know that you pull a trigger upon them, sir"—and he shook his riding-whip (good-humouredly and playfully, however) over Hodge Barton's head. "How are my foxes to be kept, Barton, unless they have rabbits to eat?"

Hodge ventured humbly to think that the world would go on very well if there were no foxes.

"No foxes! and what should *we* do, sir, if you were to do away with our field sports, sir?" He was waxing angry. "Do you suppose, sir, that country gentlemen would live upon their estates if—but perhaps you will be saying next that the world would go on very well if there were no country gentlemen?"

Hodge Barton hastened to disavow so injurious a conception, but, sticking to his text, complained that, for all that, the "rabbits do do a deal of damage."

"Why don't you send in your bill of damages, then, Barton?" demanded the landlord. "Did I ever want to carry on my sports at my tenants' expense, sir?"

And upon this hint Hodge acted. At the yearly audit, he attended at "The Oaks," armed with a formidable document, the gist of which was a sum total of a hundred and sixteen pounds, nine and fourpence, as compensation for injuries inflicted on him by the squire's rabbits.

"In your conscience, do you believe this is a true bill?" asked Miles Oakley, composedly.

"I do," said Hodge, unblushingly; "but I don't mind bating the sixteen pound odd."

"But I should mind it very much," rejoined the landlord, writing a cheque for the full amount, which he handed complacently to the tenant, who went away rejoicing. He did not see, however, that the squire wrote upon the counterfoil in his cheque-book, "*Mem.*—This Barton is a rascal. Get rid of him when his lease is out."

To pass to another and darker spot on the bright surface of Miles Oakley's character—he would brook no rival near his throne. Unsatisfied with his ample territorial possessions, he kept adding farm to farm, and field to field, until (with one exception) the whole country for many miles around "The Oaks" acknowledged him as its owner.

"With one exception," and this exception was to the squire the bane and gall of his life. Every Sunday, when he went to church, he saw, staring down upon him from above the communion-table, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house—nor anything that is thy neighbour's;" and from day to day, and fifty times a day, year by year, did he cast a coveting eye, and indulge in coveting desires, towards his neighbour William Franklin's eighty acre farm, "The Lees," which lay not a mile from "The Oaks."

William Franklin was poor; the property was deeply mortgaged, and it was with difficulty that he could make both ends meet. Miles Oakley knew this; and, both directly and indirectly, he had made very tempting offers

to the young farmer, which would have relieved him from his difficulties, and made him the flourishing, prosperous tenant of one of the squire's best farms. But Franklin was obstinate, and would not part with his inheritance. It had been his father's before him, and his grandfather's before him, and their ancestors' before them, through he could not tell how many generations; and he was not going to part with it for all the squires in the kingdom. And what did the squire want with it? Hadn't he enough land already?

Thus the matter stood at the time when our story begins; and Miles Oakley was nourishing the serpent hate in his bosom against the perverse William Franklin. He had other causes of dislike, which still further envenomed his feelings; but of these I shall have more to say in another chapter.

Having thus cleared the way to the succeeding chronicles by these introductory explanations, it remains only to say that, in the eight or nine years following the marriage of the squire, he and his Lucy had had once and again to mourn over blighted hopes and disappointed parental yearnings. Three infants, in due succession, had been born to them; and three tiny coffins had been, at intervals, deposited in the family vault beneath Oakley Church. At length hope dawned again; and a man-child, having survived the infantine diseases which had, in the other instances, been so fatal, reached the age of eighteen months, and was still living.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER I.

My voyage from Liverpool to Jamaica, and thence to New Orleans, may be passed over, as a trip across the Atlantic is no more now-a-days than one to Calais was a few years ago.

I was much struck with New Orleans, the Crescent City. Built on a swamp, it is below the levees raised to keep out the Father of Waters, the broad Mississippi. Some of the villas in the suburbs are very beautiful; formed of planks—they are called frame houses—and painted white, with green venetian blinds, and a piazza running round them, and surrounded with tropical plants and trees, they have an air of luxury and repose very charming to the voyager, who for weeks has seen nothing but the blue sky above and the blue waves below. They are in direct contrast, too, with the busy rush and clamour of the business parts of the city. The streets, from never having made the acquaintance of Mr. M'Adam, were in a fearful state, full of holes, that would almost stop a fox-hunter from the "Shires;" yet the drays loaded with cotton bales, sugar hogsheads, etc. took them in their stride in the most surprising manner, nor did I ever see one come to grief.

The population, for diversity of nations, dress, and language, not even Novgorod fair, I should think, could equal. At almost every turn, you met with the dark, sallow, black-bearded, and moustached Frenchman and Spaniard; the smooth, clean-shaved, lantern-jawed Yankee; the light-haired, round, greasy, red-faced German; the smug Englishman; the cautious, keen Scot; the Celt, with his rich brogue, smelling of the peat of the Green Isle; the proud southern planter, in Panama hat, purest of linen, and whitest of clothes; the reckless Texan, with broad felt sombrero, and trowsers tucked into his high boots; the tall flat boatman, in hunting-shirt and leggings; or the Mexican, with his everlasting corn-shuck cigarita in his mouth; and there were a few Seminole Indians, captured in Florida, on their way to

some place west of the Mississippi; lastly, the inevitable negro was here, there, and everywhere. As to the Babel of tongues, it was something wonderful in such a heterogeneous multitude.

The voyage down the Mississippi, and across the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston, occupies about forty-eight hours. On the second day out, when still many miles from the shore, the steamer was invaded by a great quantity of gaudy butterflies. Some puff of wind from the land had probably blown them to sea. They were larger and of brighter colours than any I had ever seen in Europe. Although November, it was very hot, the thermometer marking 84°. In the night it became cloudy, and we entered Galveston Bay, and approached the city in a Scotch mist, passing near the bar several long spits of sand, on which were a great number of pelicans and other sea fowl.

The appearance of Galveston in those days was not very imposing. It is now much improved, built on a low island of sand, about thirty miles long by three across at its greatest breadth, destitute of timber, except three trees (called the lone trees), which stand about seven miles below the town, and form a well-known landmark for coasting vessels. I confess to feeling disappointed at the prospect before me. Was this the Italy of America I had come so far to see? Where were the "happy hunting-grounds" I had heard so much of? And, worse than all, I knew no one on the American continent, from Labrador to Cape Horn.

Next morning, refreshed with a good night's rest and fortified with a good breakfast, made memorable from my first introduction to corn bread and Texas venison, steaks of which formed, I remember, the *pièce de résistance* of the meal, I ventured forth to see the lions of the place. My first visit was to the old fort of La Fitte, the pirate, at the east end of the island, once about a mile above the town, but now built up to. La Fitte was born at Bayonne, and for years was a buccaneer in the Gulf of Mexico, but was pardoned by General Jackson for services rendered at the battle of New Orleans, in 1815. It is said that the story of La Fitte gave Byron the idea of the Corsair, although the scene is laid in a different sea.

Upon making acquaintance with the interior of Texas, impressions changed to the decidedly favourable. It would be difficult to find a region of the same extent with so little barren land; and, being larger than France, there is elbow-room for a vast population. It was a Texas editor who first used the expression, since so often quoted, "Tickle the ground with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest." Even its very name shows its character. It is said that an Indian tribe, overpowered and driven from their hunting-grounds by their neighbours, fled south, and, arriving upon a high prairie swell, the chief's eye wandered over the fair plains, covered in all directions with vast herds of buffalo, deer, antelope, etc. Waving his arm he called the attention of his warriors to this paradise, saying, "Texas, Texas," or "plenty, plenty." In like manner another state is said to have derived its name, Alabama, that being the Indian "here we rest."

There are few countries so well supplied with rivers, streams, and bayous. Fish of various kinds abound in all of them, and in the bays delicious oysters and green turtle are very plentiful. All the rivers have their sources in the north-west, flow south-east, and eventually pay tribute to the Gulf. They are well wooded, though very variably so. Sometimes the bottoms are twenty miles through, and sometimes only a few yards of timber separate the prairie from the river, and often a sea of grass runs directly up to the bluff banks. The trees are

very fine, and of great variety, consisting of several kinds of oaks, as well as the black walnut, pecan, hickory, elm, ash, bois d'arc (osage orange), cedar, etc., with quantities of wild vines, from the grapes of which very good claret has been made. The prairies afford a never-failing supply of excellent pasture, and over these roam countless herds of mustangs, or wild horses, buffalo, cattle, deer, antelope, with numbers of prairie hens, or pennated grouse, quail, and other game. In the forests are found the panther, leopard, bear, otter, racoon, deer, opossum, silver foxes, turkeys, etc. In the winter, swans, geese, cranes, wild ducks of many varieties, snipe, woodcock, plover, curlew, and other wild fowl, arrive in innumerable flocks, giving constant employment to the sportsman.

The soil produces on the plantations, sugar, cotton, and tobacco. The uplands cotton is inferior to none produced by any of the Gulf States, whilst the Sea Island, which grows freely on the coast, is the best in the world's market. In the more northern portion of the State fine wheat is grown, together with barley, oats, and other small grain adapted to temperate climates. The cultivation of rice has not been much attended to yet. Steamboats ply on the rivers most of the year, affording great facilities in getting off the plantation produce to Galveston, and bringing back the necessaries and luxuries required by the planters. There are now two short railroads: one connecting Richmond on the Brazos river with Houston on Buffalo Bayou, and Galveston; the other running west, between Galveston and Eagle Lake on the Rio Colorado. These will be lengthened when peace once more prevails. The formation of the country is peculiar. For about seventy or eighty miles from the seaboard it is flat, or, if there is any rise in the ground towards the interior, it is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. The eye wanders uninterruptedly over a sea of verdure, the view of which is only bounded by the horizon. Then come some undulations swelling gradually into hills for about sixty miles, forming what is called the "rolling prairie." After leaving this you approach the mountains of Texas. Some of the prairies near the timber bottoms are quite park-like in their appearance. Single oaks standing out, with little islands of timber called "mottes" having the appearance of our English plantations, dot the surface in all directions. Here, where one might fancy there should be the lordly castle or stately mansion, there is probably no hut for miles. Gazing on such a scene, I have often thought of those lines in Scott's "Lady of the Lake"—

"What a scene were here, he cried,
For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow a lordly tower;
In that soft vale a lady's bower;
On yonder meadows far away
The turrets of a cloister grey;
How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide on the lake the lingering morn!
How sweet at eve the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves are still and mute!
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum;
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly fenet and lighted hall."

The prairies are carpeted in the spring with beautiful flowers, among which the humming-bird and bee flit to and fro. The wild myrtle, small berry-bearing vines, and a kind of wild vetch, well beloved by the deer, are also frequent.

Texas obtained its independence in 1836, and after being a republic for nearly nine years, was annexed to the United States in 1845, much to the disgust of the old Texans, who were out-voted by settlers recently arrived from the "States," as the United States were then called—men who had neither suffered nor fought for the country.

The Indians, although driven back to the interior, are yet very numerous. I was told, not long ago, that the Comanches could at need turn out forty thousand warriors. This tribe, with the Apaches and Lipans, are the most warlike and powerful. They are all admirable horsemen. In the summer they follow the buffalo herds towards the north; but when the snows of winter compel the animals to move farther south, they bear them company, sometimes as far as Cohaula and Chihuahua, in Mexico.

There is no twilight in Texas. As soon as the sun rises, it is light at once; and when it sinks in the west, it becomes dark directly. This makes it necessary for travellers to camp an hour or so before sun-down, that they may choose good grass to stake their horses upon, collect wood for their fire, and water to cook with. In "Rokeby" there is a good description of the rapid disappearance of the sun in tropical climes:—

No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disc like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night."

The climate I consider as healthy as any country can have, fevers being almost the only diseases; these, promptly treated, yield at once. The yellow fever sometimes makes its appearance on the coast, but is always imported. Consumption is unknown to the inhabitants, except occasionally people afflicted with it come from the rude and frozen north, to try if our warm and healthy air can protract their existence.

The first three or four years I spent in wandering about, shooting, fishing, and learning the methods pursued in agriculture and stock-raising. Where practicable, I would advise an emigrant to allow at least a year to elapse before he invests his money in any pursuit. The time is not wasted. It is a new country, a strange people, and different customs, he has to study.

My first speculation was a "manada" (literally a "bunch," always consisting of twenty-five) of mares, with which, by breeding mules, I did pretty well for a few years. My caballado (drove of horses) disposed of, I took to sheep, and certainly nothing can be of less trouble, except during shearing time.

As I have never seen our Texan, or rather Mexican plan of shepherding described, perhaps for its singularity it is worth mentioning. It is well known that the sheep, unlike the goat, has no organ of locality. The latter, singly, or in flocks, can and always do find their way home at night; the former is unable to do this, and therefore, unless well watched, would become a prey to the coyotes, or prairie wolves. To save labour, the shepherds take a puppy of some strong, fierce breed, and having killed a very young lamb from some ewe, its skin is sown over the whelp; the sheep smells it, and takes to what she fancies is her own lamb, suckles, and brings it up. The dog brought up in this way does not know but what he is a sheep, and the flock, from constant association, look upon him as their protector and friend. There are to every flock usually three of these dogs; and, as they have stout leather collars, armed

with spikes, on their necks, they are too formidable for the wolves to do any injury. These dogs are fed only at night, and at one never-changed place—the fold where the sheep are penned. Thus hunger and custom compel them to attend with their charge.

Cattle-breeding is very extensively carried on; its profits are large—calculated at 33½ per cent.—many of the rancheros (stock-owners) owning twenty thousand head. This occupation needs much attention, as the tame are liable to be enticed away by the wild animals, numbers of which are to be found in the forests. Hogs are reared with very trifling expense, and in any quantity, the mast in the woods furnishing them with plenty of food. Fowls, ducks, turkeys, and the like, are abundant, and generally find their own living.

Good land can be easily obtained for a dollar and a quarter (five shillings) per acre. Houses are soon built, the neighbours always assisting a new comer. The residence generally consists of three apartments, one for eating, another for sleeping; these are boarded in, whilst the centre is left open. Here the settler usually takes his meals, hangs up his saddles, lassos, tools, etc. The kitchen is always a separate building, as is the smoke-house, where his meat is kept and smoked. This log-house gives way, in a few years, to a dwelling of more pretensions, generally a frame-house, but sometimes, where the soil is suitable for brick-making, an edifice of that kind is erected.

Many of the wealthy planters have very good houses, such as would not disgrace an English park. They are generally built on the edge of some prairie, where there are shade trees; and thus it has quite an old-country appearance. In them you will find an extensive library; on the table will be seen English periodicals, and reviews, and magazines, both English and American. In the drawing-room there is a piano, and the newest music obtainable. Around the house is the garden, where, together with many a tropic flower and plant, old acquaintances meet the eye, well remembered in the parterres of home. In the orchards, the peach, nectarine, fig, and apple grow luxuriantly, and bear well. On the ground are, trailing about in all directions, the vines of the water and musk melons, with their fruit in all stages, from the blossom to ripeness. Take it for all things, although proud of being an Englishman, yet I would rather live in Texas than in any country on the globe.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY P. T. BUCKLAND, ESQ.

A NEW FOSSIL BIRD—(ARCHÆOPTERYX MACRURUS).

At a late meeting of the Royal Society, the rooms were crowded to hear Professor Owen's account of a new fossil bird, which has been discovered embedded in a slab of lithographic stone, at Solenhoffen, in Germany. The bones of the flying lizards, the pterodactyles, have been already found in this quarry in abundance; but hitherto no remains of any creature so high in the scale of animal life as a bird. One's idea of a bird is, of course, a creature with feathers. The bat-like pterodactyles were supposed to have had scales; but this new specimen had decided feathers, for their impressions are found distinctly marked upon the stone in which the bones are embedded. Such a thing as a feathered animal coexisting with pterodactyles is contrary to all our ideas of what ought to have been the state of things at the far, far distant time when the lithographic slate was deposited. However, there is the bird, and a curious bird he must have

been. He had a long tail, with many joints in it, like an ox's tail prepared for soup; and from each side of each bone there grew a single feather. He had claws on the tips of his wings, something like the claws we see in bats; and his feathers were short, stumpy, and rounded. We don't know what sort of a bill he had, for, unfortunately, his head had fallen off when he became a fossil. Professor Owen says he must have been of about the size of a rook, or a Peregrine falcon, and that his ferculum (or merry-thought) indicates great power of flight. It is really quite beautiful to see how the learned Professor fixes upon an elevation of a bone, or upon a depression of a joint, in themselves apparently unimportant, but, if rightly interpreted, full of information to the mind of this acute and highly philosophical reasoner. The result of the Professor's examination is, that this creature was a true bird, possessing powers of flight, but yet very different in personal appearance from our ordinary birds of the present day. The school-boy's "black swan" has had his day, and the "rara avis" of our generation is the Archæopteryx Macrurus, (or long-tailed ancient bird). We therefore read in the scientific gazettes of last week, "Archæopteryx Macrurus" to be the "Rara Avis," vice the "Black Swan," who retires after two thousand years' service.

The German folks were not going to give up their bird to the English Professor without fingering a little "gelt" in the transaction, and a cheque for £400 was signed for this specimen, together with others of the pterodactyle. Ye readers of this, employ your leisure hours in looking for an Archæopteryx. What a rich man would he be who could discover where the flock of these ancient birds settled down to rest the night they became converted into fossils!

A NEW BRITISH SNAKE.

So carefully and so zealously are the curiosities of nature sought out and examined in the present day, that the discoverer of a new bird, beast, or reptile, even in the remote regions of Africa or India, is considered a lucky man, and is not unfrequently honoured by having his name given to his new treasure. If this be the case, how pleased must that person be who produces, for the first time, a living specimen of a creature that has never been seen or heard of before in England! If the reader will consult any standard book on natural history, he will find that the snake tribe in England is represented by the viper or adder, the common ringed snake, and the glow-worm. Now, within the last few months another kind of snake, entirely new and distinct from any of these, has been found to exist. A young gentleman cadet, of the name of Fenton, now studying at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, caught one day last autumn, a snake which was neither a viper nor a common snake, and therefore most properly brought it up to the Zoological Gardens, where it was at once recognised by the learned Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, as being a snake not uncommon in Austria, and whose Latin name is *Coronella Lævis*, or *Austriaca*. *Coronella*, or little crown—the markings on the head are somewhat like a crown; *Lævis*, from the smoothness of the scales equally to snakes. Where this snake came from there must, or certainly ought to be, his friends and relations. It was no use thinking and speculating on the matter, so I immediately engaged with my private viper-catcher, whose name is White, to go down and look for more. Accordingly, in a few days White returned with seven vipers, and, to my great delight, one specimen of the new snake in the most beautiful condition. The head is, strange to say, highly iridescent, shining in the sun like the brightest dark eme-

rald-coloured velvet; the scales are as slippery as polished horn, the eye small and very bright, the general appearance very like the head of a lizard; the temper decidedly bad when first caught, for my lady turned round and fastened on to my hand. I knew very well she had no poisonfangs, or the experiment would have been dangerous. I took the greatest care of my new pet, and it was lucky I did so. By the permission of the editor of "The Field," I placed her in the window of the office, in the Strand, and by the sides, specimens alive, of the common viper and snake, for comparison, and I was most pleased to see with what interest they were examined by passers by. In a few days it was discovered that my new snake had increased her species, for five young ones were found in the cage with her. Three of these are now alive, and have grown considerably; they are very pretty little things, and have shining iridescent heads like their mother, towards whom, strange to say, they most decidedly show an affection and liking, being never found many inches away from her side. Not contented with this specimen, I again sent my man away, and by his means, and also through the kind assistance of Mr. Fenton, procured other specimens, one of which contained the young—a most valuable example, inasmuch as by dissection I was enabled to show that the nature of this snake is ovoviviparous, that is to say, the young are born alive, and not inclosed in eggs, as are the young of the common snake.

I have made a capital preparation of this rare specimen; it has been submitted by me to one of the scientific meetings of the Zoological Society, my object being to show that this is really and truly an inhabitant of Great Britain. On reading my communications in "The Field," the Hon. Arthur Russell kindly called on me with another specimen which he had obtained in 1859, near Poole, in Dorsetshire. To Mr. Russell, therefore, we owe that the attention of naturalists has been called to the subject. I have published a drawing of the heads of the common snake, viper, and Coronella in "The Field," with an accurate description of the differences in the three snakes. I am convinced that these "lizard-eating" (for that is their nature) snakes are common enough in England, but that we have hitherto heard nothing of them, because they have been mistaken for, and killed as, the common viper. Next season will doubtless bring out many of these new snakes from their hiding-places. I have emissaries in various parts of England, especially on the sandy heaths of Hampshire and Dorsetshire, and, if I get more news about them, I will make a point of communicating it to the readers of "The Leisure Hour," combined with some interesting facts I have obtained as to the much-disputed question of "the viper swallowing her young."

A LIVE PORPOISE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

On Friday, Dec. 5th, a live porpoise was brought to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The poor brute had spent several hours on a fishmonger's slab in Bowd Street, and when received by Mr. Bartlett was very exhausted, and although placed in sea water and treated with "ammonia and brandy and water," as described by myself in a letter to the "Times," he did not survive many hours, and this for a good reason; for when I examined him after death, I found that he was much bruised about the body and fins, and that some horrid wretch had actually thrust out both his eyes with a sharp instrument. The long time which this poor porpoise lived out of the sea, even though he was much knocked about, leads us to hope that, before long, a live porpoise will be brought to the Gardens for public exhibition.

BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE great sorrow which darkened the land at the opening of last year still throws a chastened shade over scenes and events which at other times would have been hailed with unchecked rejoicing. But the joy is not the less deep because it is less demonstrative. Rather is there a call to mingle higher and holier feelings with the outward expressions of popular loyalty. The want of tumultuous rejoicings when the heir-apparent attained his majority was not so much owing to his own absence from his future kingdom, as it was the respectful indication of sympathy with another heart still unstrung by grief. For the same reason, the announcement of the approaching marriage of the Prince is toned down from exuberant congratulation to a quiet satisfaction. No greater guarantee could the nation have for the wisdom and fitness of the intended marriage, than the approval of one who has been not only the best of England's rulers, but a pattern of domestic virtues. Nor could any wish for the Prince's future welfare be more appropriate than that he may follow the example of his honoured father, Albert the Wise and Good.

At a meeting of the Privy Council, on the 1st of November, last year, "Her Majesty in Council was pleased to declare her consent to a contract of matrimony between His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, etc., and Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark; which consent Her Majesty has also caused to be signified under the Great Seal."

This formal announcement, while it gratified all, surprised none, for popular rumour had universally made known the probability of an event of so great national interest. Not only so, but the truthful art of photography had made every one familiar with the features and appearance of the affianced bride. The portrait quite bears out the warm praises of all whose privilege it has been to meet the Princess, as to her grace of person and amiability of disposition. Those who know her best also speak in the highest terms of the training and the accomplishments which education has added to natural gifts. Hence the strongly expressed satisfaction at the expected marriage, both in England and in her own country. A Copenhagen paper thus expressed the feelings with which the announcement was received by the Danes:—"Never has any Danish Princess been more worthy of the happiness which, by every human calculation, awaits the Princess Alexandra. She will, we feel convinced, not disappoint the expectations which the English people have formed of her; and in congratulating her on the brilliant prospect of at some future time sharing one of the mightiest of European thrones with a husband the choice of her heart, and of being the object of the affections of a great and free people, we also believe that the union, although it cannot be considered to have any political importance, must tend to strengthen and maintain the hearty and friendly relations which exist between the British people and the nation to which the Princess belongs, and whose destinies will at some future time be guided by those who at present stand nearest to her."

The allusion in the latter part of this extract is to the prospect of Denmark being under the rule of Prince Christian, who is heir-expectant to the Crown. In the year 1853, as the result of previous protocols and treaties among the great Powers of Europe, along with Sweden and Norway, the Danish law of succession was adopted, by which Prince Christian and his male heirs, through



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.



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his marriage with the Princess Louisa of Hesse, were declared presumptive heirs to the monarchy, with title of Royal Highness for himself and descendants. By this arrangement many complications and difficulties were settled, which might have arisen on the failure of the male line of the Oldenburg dynasty, the last of whom, Prince Frederick Ferdinand, uncle of the present King, Ferdinand VII, is above seventy, and has no children. Without dwelling more here upon these political arrangements, it may only be added that a still greater destiny may be in store for the family of Prince Christian of Denmark, if by the union of his son with the royal heiress of Sweden the long-cherished dream of a united Scandinavian kingdom should be realized.

The House of Glücksburg, to which Prince Christian belongs, is one of the younger and collateral lines of the Ducal families which have shared the sovereignty of Schleswig with the King of Denmark. The entire title which it bears is Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, and its chief is the Duke Charles, who was married to the daughter of the late King Ferdinand VI. Prince Christian was born in 1818, and in 1842 married Princess Louisa of Hesse, whose connections will be found in the "Almanach de Gotha."

The Princess Alexandra, born December 1, 1844, is the second child and eldest daughter of His Royal Highness Prince Christian. To the eldest son, born June 3, 1843, we have above alluded. There are two other younger sons, and two younger daughters.

As the recent visit of the Princess to Her Majesty has been strictly private, it would be unbecoming to repeat any facts or rumours confirming in any way the good report which had preceded her arrival. A single sentence from a letter of the Prince of Wales, in reply to a congratulatory letter from the Earl of Caithness, may be cited as an index of feeling which will gladden every reader. "I beg to return my most sincere thanks to Lady Caithness and yourself for your good wishes; and I feel now what it is to be really happy." His Royal Highness further wrote:—"If I can make the future life and home of the Princess a happy one, I shall be content. I feel doubly happy in the thought that my approaching marriage is one which has the approval of the nation; and I only trust that I may not disappoint the expectations that have been formed of me."

We hope that Mr. Tennyson may give utterance to the feelings of the nation in strains worthy of the subject. Meanwhile, for those upon whose union so many hopes and affections are centred, we reverently adopt, as the brief expression of our best wishes, the prayer that goodness and mercy may follow them all the days of their life, and that they may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

IN the year 1804 the "Camp at Boulogne" was anything but an empty sound to the inhabitants of the British Islands. It implied that the veterans of the French Revolution, after repelling the attempts of foreign nations to interfere in their domestic concerns, and to dictate to them what king they were to obey, who had not only beat them back from the French frontiers, but routed their armies and taken their capital cities, and had made even England herself fain to be included in the general peace—that these veterans were now banded in one vast encampment, under the direction of the foremost soldier in Europe, to be launched in fierce hostility against that island which had so long defied them.

The alarm was general and great. In England, the regular army was augmented, an army of reserve formed, and numerous battalions of volunteers, both horse and foot, were incessantly at drill. To Scotland, where an attack from the shores of Holland might be dreaded, one of the ablest of the British generals, the Earl of Moira, was sent as Commander-in-Chief. The writer of this paper was one of 4000 volunteers, furnished by the city of Edinburgh alone, and well remembers an expression in General Orders: "That an alarm might be hourly expected." During the equinoctial gales, and the boisterous storms of October, it was a matter of mutual congratulation, that surely the flat-bottomed boats with the French troops "would never venture out in weather like this."

After the Peace of Amiens, which, as Sheridan said, everybody was pleased with, and everybody was ashamed of, the irritation between the nations on both sides of the Channel was bitter in the extreme. The old anti-Jacobins of England, with the landed and the moneyed proprietors, felt ashamed and mortified that, after all their exertions to restore the Bourbons, the supreme power over France was vested for life in one whom they regarded as the offspring and spoiled child of the Revolution. The English press, with ten times its accustomed insolence, launched the epithets of Tyrant, Corsican, and Usurper, against the victorious French Consul. On the French side, there were very grievous complaints against the conduct of the English, who not only allowed their own press the most unbridled licence of abuse, but encouraged that of the emigrants, which they could have stopped at once. They were accused of pensioning Georges and other conspirators, who were plotting in London the assassination of the first magistrate of France. Above all, the English refused to evacuate Malta, as they had agreed to do by the Treaty of Amiens. It was a great failing of the English in those times to be always hankering after strong fortresses and islands in every region, to facilitate at once their commerce and their power. They wanted to get Madeira, they wanted Macao; and in the most disastrous period of the war, when Europe lay prostrate at the feet of the conqueror, they fired the Park and Tower guns for the taking of the miserable Dutch island of Curaçao. The English ministry very early began to have some misgivings about the terms of the Treaty of Amiens. Lord Cornwallis, the English negotiator, had stipulated with the French plenipotentiary that, at four o'clock on a certain day, the Treaty should be signed. By some fault of his lordship, the meeting did not take place; and the next morning a messenger arrived from London, directing him not to sign the Treaty. The Marquis, considering his honour pledged by the promise of the day before, returned an answer to the Ministry that the Treaty was signed. In that Treaty it was agreed that England should evacuate Malta; but when the time of performance was come, she still held it fast, to the intense indignation of Napoleon. The English, on their part, had also reason to complain. He was acting with the usual insolence of a successful conqueror. He interfered in the affairs of Switzerland, of Italy, of Portugal, and of Spain. He meddled with the affairs of Turkey, and no place was out of the reach of his arts or his arms. If we are to believe ambitious conquerors, in their plausible self-defence, they are the most innocent and ill-used people upon the face of the earth. When Cæsar slaughtered the Gauls and Germans by tens of thousands, it was merely in defence of the peaceable inhabitants and traders of the gentle Roman province. When he led his trusty veterans against his own country, it was only

to defend himself from unprovoked injuries, and to secure to the tribunes of the people their just rights when invaded by the Senate. When Napoleon was carrying everything with a high hand, he said it was hard to thwart the benevolent purposes of a man sincerely desirous of being at peace. Few conquerors have had the honesty of Frederick of Prussia, who admits that when he came to the throne, he found he had a good army, and plenty of money, and did not see why he should not seek a little fame as a warrior.

But whether England or France was in the wrong in 1803, the exasperation was strong on both sides; war broke out, and with injustice on both sides too. Before war was declared, the English Navy captured French ships to the value of £3,000,000, and harmless English travellers returning through France or Italy were seized as prisoners of war, though in no way connected with military affairs.

Napoleon was sensible of the temerity of invading England, yet seemed resolved to attempt it. The most gigantic preparations were made upon the shores of the Channel. Two thousand gun-boats were speedily built and collected at Boulogne, to convey across the narrow strait a hundred and fifty thousand troops, ten thousand horses, and four thousand pieces of cannon. Every province of the Republic was aroused by the energies of the First Consul. He established himself at Boulogne, where he spent much of his time, carefully studying the features of the coast, the varying phenomena of the sea, and organizing all the parts of the desperate enterprise he was contemplating. Upon the bleak cliff of Boulogne, swept by the storm and the rain, Napoleon had a little hut erected for himself. Often, leaving the Palace of St. Cloud by night, after having spent a toilsome day in the cares of state, he passed with the utmost rapidity over the intervening space of 180 miles, arriving about the middle of the next day. On one of these occasions he left his hut a Consul, and returned an Emperor.

The English exerted all their energies to impede the progress of his enterprise. Their cruisers, incessantly hovering around, kept up an almost uninterrupted fire upon the works. Their shells, passing over the cliff, exploded in the harbour and in the crowded camps. For protection to the troops, three large batteries were finally constructed, which would throw twenty-four pound shot three miles, and thus kept the English ships at a distance.

One day, when the atmosphere was peculiarly clear, Napoleon, upon the cliffs of Boulogne, saw dimly in the distant horizon the outline of the English shore. Roused by the sight, he wrote thus to Cambacères:—"From the heights of Ambleteuse I have seen this day the coast of England, as one sees the heights of Calvary from the Tuilleries. We could distinguish the houses and the bustle. It is a ditch that shall be leaped when one is daring enough to try."

Meanwhile arrangements were made to concentrate in the Channel the whole French squadron, which, in the harbours of Toulon, Ferrol, and La Rochelle, had been thoroughly equipped, to act in concert with the vast flotilla. "Eight hours of night," said he, "favourable for us, will decide the fate of the world."

But all the preparations for invasion were rendered unavailing by the strength and vigilance of the British Navy. The French had their shores crowded with hundreds of gun-boats of every description, which were constantly exercised in embarking and landing men, with all that was requisite for all kinds of troops—cavalry, infantry, and artillery. As there were no Armstrong guns in those days, the boats might disport them-

selves among the shallows without fear of the British bombs; but it was a very different thing to venture into mid-channel, where they would encounter the formidable ships of the line, or be annoyed by nimble and active frigates. The French fleets had contrived to get out of their blockaded ports, and to lead Nelson a wild chase to the West Indies, and back again; they even succeeded in forming a junction with the fleet of Spain; but the combined squadrons were annihilated at Trafalgar, and it was vain to attempt to cross the sea in the face of its masters.

In the meantime, by the concurrence of Fox, Pitt, and other able men, the feeble English Ministry was displaced, as inadequate to the difficulties of the crisis. After ineffectual attempts to form a united Ministry, Mr. Pitt assumed the direction of affairs. By his persuasion, or his subsidies, he prevailed on Austria and Russia to combine with England in attempting to curb the overbearing character of Napoleon, who said himself, England threw a coalition on his shoulders. But he was quite ready for the war. With a celerity till then unheard of, by means of carriages and conveyances of various kinds, he transferred his well-equipped army from the camp at Boulogne into Germany, gained the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, laid Europe prostrate at his feet, and broke the stout heart of the English Minister. His friend Wilberforce remarked "the Austerlitz look" which indicated the approaching break-up of him, who, though a veteran statesman, was not far advanced in age. "Roll up the map of Europe," said Pitt; "it is of no more use." For ten years of dreary domination on the Continent, the words of Pitt held good; but on the soil of England the foot of the foe never trode.

Such were the feelings and the scenes which had to be encountered by us, who were young at the commencement of the nineteenth century. At the distance of sixty years, and to the men of a second and third generation, the "Camp of Boulogne" may furnish matter of deep reflection. There is no need to form a camp on the heights that look over to England—in every province of France there are at this day numerous brigades of veteran warriors. England cannot sit secure as she did then, with the narrow sea rolling between the hostile nations; for the experienced Wellington declared, in 1847, that he had examined and reconnoitred, over and over again, the whole coast, from the North Foreland to Selsey Bill, near Portsmouth; and that, excepting immediately under the guns of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore, at any time of tide, with any wind, and with any weather, and from which such a body of infantry so thrown on shore, would not find, within the distance of five miles, a road into the interior of the country. Surely, then, the inhabitants of Great Britain should indulge in no vain dreams of fancied security. Tyrants and demagogues, politicians and conquerors, are the same in all ages; and we know not how soon the peace of the world may be disturbed by the same characters, and by the same pretences as in days of old; but we may surely hope that the lessons of past history will not be altogether thrown away, and that the provoking language, too common in former days, will find no encouragement from the graver statesmen who direct the affairs of nations. It is truly a matter of thankfulness, that the two greatest nations of Europe understand each other so much better than before, and are so much disposed to co-operate in preventing evil and disseminating good. Nations, as well as individuals, will find their true happiness to consist in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with their God.

NAPOLEON AND THE ENGLISH SAILOR.

THE coloured illustration accompanying this Number, represents an incident which occurred when Napoleon was encamped with his army at Boulogne, and which is thus commemorated in verse by THOMAS CAMPBELL :—

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And eye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half way over,
With envy—they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogswad from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live long day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Oh dear me! 'twas a thing beyond
Description!—such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder:
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But, absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"You've both my favour justly won,
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparte.

INSIDE A PRINTING OFFICE.

I.

THE locality of a London printing office is usually some back slum, or narrow winding thoroughfare or out-of-the-way *cul-de-sac*, lying pretty close to one of those main lines of communication running east and west, formed by Holborn and the Strand, with their continuations. There are some important exceptions to this rule, it is true; but the majority of the London printers have preferred to set up their working hives within the limits above named, and that for reasons not far to seek, because these lines of route embrace nearly all the centres of publication. The printing office is rarely a single structure erected for a special purpose, though in some instances it is so: it is oftener a cluster of private dwellings, which, by the piercing of party-walls and the removal of partitions, have been joined into one; and its interior, in consequence, swarms with little flats and narrow stairs, and presents half-a-dozen different levels on the same floor. The lane, court, or close in which the office is situated has a special character of its own, derived from the nature of the operations there carried on. It smells of oil in a rancid state, of damp paper, and of printer's ink, with a suspicion of mouldy paste. It seldom cleans its windows, and seems to cherish the dust on the panes as a substitute for a blind, and when it mends the broken ones, is apt to do it as Gill mended Jack's crown, with brown paper. Fragments of proof sheets and "set off" paper lie about on the stones, and loose types lurk among the cracks in the pavement, and one often sees the little urchins of the district digging them out with their finger-nails.

The court or lane is not very densely inhabited: to some extent the printing office monopolizes it—it being the tendency of the rattling machines, the greasy and mouldy smells, and other undelightful phenomena of the establishment, to keep people who are at all particular at a respectful distance. One thing, however, there is sure to be pretty close to the office, and that is a public-house, which supplies the workmen with beer when it is wanted in working hours, and with tobacco and smoking-room under its own roof after the labours of the day are ended. The public-house is, to a more or less extent, a house of call for members of the printing trade, and though it is, of course, liable to abuse, it is not easy to see how it could be dispensed with, looking to the exhausting labours which printers have sometimes to undergo, and their need for invigorating refreshment. Once a year the landlord keeps a day of open house for the workmen, when they carve gratuitous beef and bread, but drink at their own expense.

Besides the public-house there is another establishment, not less in request, and still more useful. This is the *cuisine* of Mrs. Grundy—a mysterious sanctum, into which nobody ever penetrates, but from whence proceed no end of culinary performances more or less relishing, from hot coffee for breakfast down to grilled kidneys for supper. Mrs. Grundy dines a pretty large section of the office, and every morning at about "spitting" time, her little girl comes round with information as to the joints before the fire and in the pot, and collects orders from her customers; and as sure as the clock strikes one, up come the dinners, each neatly packed between two plates, and piled on trays; and beef or pork, mutton or ham, veal cutlets or rump steaks, curried rabbit or kidney puddings, each with its modicum of vegetables and due allowance of gravy—all find their way to the consumer. At five Mrs. Grundy has to send in tea and bread and butter; her infusions of the fragrant herb are not perhaps suited to a refined taste, but, as printers say, they are hot

and wet, and you can't expect much more at the price; for all Mrs. Grundy's productions are emphatically cheap, and must be so, or she would lose the custom of the men. The good woman has no very quiet life of it: at periods of night-work she will sit up till midnight grilling and toasting over the fire, and her breakfasts must be ready by seven in the morning, however late she may go to bed. She is sometimes the wife of a workman on the establishment, but oftener she is the widow of one deceased; and we are sorry to add, that when she has no protector she is known to suffer cruel loss by scamps, who will run up accounts with her and decamp without paying them.

Having thus cleared the approaches to the office, we will now take the liberty to enter the building and watch the proceedings within.

The doors of the office open early in the morning, and the man in charge of the building directs the sweeping of the several rooms by the boys of the establishment, who are among the first arrivals. While the boys are sweeping, and collecting the types that have fallen on the floor during the previous day, the stokers are getting up the steam in the engine-room in readiness for the machine-men. About seven the pressmen, and with them the machine-men and lads, are seen to enter: perhaps these last named functionaries are the least captivating in appearance of all the denizens of the office; they are inky and greasy as to their garments, from constant contact with defiling matters; they are generally pale-faced, from dwelling all day in an atmosphere of comparative darkness, the machines being situated on the basement floor; and they are curt and loud-voiced in speech, from the habit of raising their voices in order to be heard amid the rattle of machinery; but they are not to be lightly esteemed—their long day's work requires a continued exercise of care and attention, and their responsibilities are among the heaviest which attach to the mere mechanical departments of the business.

In old times, when Franklin was a London journeyman, the compositors used to work a couple of hours before breakfast. That good and wholesome custom has given way under the pressure of modern exigences, which all tend towards night-work; and now we see the compositors walking in with their breakfasts, as they say, "under their waistcoats," about eight o'clock. Look at them as they defile past through the open doorway. They are a very various class, exhibiting extraordinary differences both as to garb and facial expression. Some are negligent almost to raggedness, even to the tattered apron, which but half-conceals the patched pantaloons slouching in muddy superfluity over the slipshod feet; while others are decidedly genteel in costume and frank in bearing. Their capabilities, however, must not be measured by such outward and visible signs, since it often happens that the dull-looking slovenly sot is a whip hand at his craft, and will almost double the earnings of his well-dressed comrade. The various aspect of a band of compositors may be partly accounted for by the fact that there are always to be found among them the sons of country printers, who are not dependent upon their earnings, and who are undergoing a course of journeywork in London for the sole sake of improvement. The compositors consist of two classes—those on the "stab," as it is called, that is, those who work by time for regular wages, and the "piece hands," or those who are paid by the piece. You may note as you watch the gathering, that about five minutes after eight there is quite a crowding through the doorway, of men in a hurry to get in: these are the "stab" hands rushing to "save the nick," that is, to get at their work before the half-quarter

has expired—failing which, they are docked half-an-hour's wage on pay-night. The piece hands keep going in much later, and so long as they are at their post in time to get through their work, little notice is taken of their ingress or egress.

About nine o'clock or a little after, a different class make their appearance, much fewer in number, and somewhat more gentlemanly in bearing. One walks with his forefinger in a closed book—another has a heavy lexicon under his arm—and perhaps you detect ink-stains on the shirt-front of a third. They are a small and select band—if the compositors number a hundred and fifty, they may amount to ten or a dozen, not more. They are the printer's "readers," and on their shoulders rests the responsibility of seeing that the mistakes of the compositors are corrected and the issues of the press free from blunders.

The overseers arrive generally about the same time as the readers, but are often present much earlier, as in busy times their presence can hardly be dispensed with. Usually, all the industrials of a printing office, whatever be the nature of their functions, have to pass to their daily work under the inspection of a timekeeper, who from some point of vantage can mark their incomings and outgoings; and it is owing to his watchful eye, as much as to anything, that the continuance of regular and effective labour is secured. There are a few other functionaries whose ingress we have not recorded; in fact, it is not easy to identify them in the crowd, but we shall catch them at work in our ramble round the office, and see what they are about.

Let us now mount to one of the composing-rooms, and note what is going forward. The composing-room is a large and well-lighted apartment at the top of the building, having windows extending the whole length on two sides, and perhaps a skylight in the roof above. Along each side of the room, close to the windows, stand rows of light deal frames, with just space enough between them for a man to stand and work in. Upon each frame are two pairs of cases, one for roman, the other for *italic* type, the roman cases being nearest the windows. At each roman case stands a compositor, with an implement in his left hand for holding the letters which he picks up with his right. In front of him, and resting against the upper-case, which is raised to an angle of about 65°, is a sheet or two of the copy which he is composing. If you are new to the scene, you will not immediately realize what all these men are about. Here are some forty of them, and you see them all dipping their fingers with eager rapidity into a number of little boxes, from one to another of which their eyes are as eagerly roving, and their rapid motions are accompanied by a small but sustained crepitating noise like a falling shower of metallic particles. They are anything but silent at their work—in fact, they talk and joke and banter one another, and at the explosion of some raucous jest a roar of horse laughter rolls round the room; but the rapid hand and eager eye keep on with their vivacious movements all the same. Nay, more: in the centre of the room is a long iron table, at which men are engaged in the work of correcting, who also join in the mirth, and add to their voices the blows of mallets and the din of heavy masses lumbered about; yet the compositor experiences no interruption in his work. You would hardly think that by those rapid motions of eye and hand amid all the noise and distraction around him, and in which he too is willing to participate, he is spelling, capitalling, and punctuating his copy, (often from a manuscript barely legible,) and embodying it in type at the rate of some two thousand types an hour. Yet that is what

the whole forty are doing—making, if good hands, each less than two mistakes in the hour, and never dreaming that they are doing anything extraordinary. Such is the result of practice, by which the eye, the hand, and the mind are trained to act in unison. Where a number of compositors are at work together, it is sometimes curious to note the different motions of different men: some are seen to wriggle and writhe about, agitating their whole bodies; some rise and fall with every motion of the hand, as though they were trotting on horseback; and some are constantly shuffling about on their feet. All these eccentricities are a source of loss to those who practise them; the good compositor is he who stands perfectly still, and makes no unnecessary motion.

After about three hours of this kind of labour, when the clock is nearing the hour of eleven, the majority of the men indulge in a momentary pause for the sake of lunch. They are seen discussing sandwiches or modicums of bread and cheese, and just at this crisis in walk the Ganymedes from the public-house, each with a cluster of pint-pots in either hand—the pots containing half-pints of beer, some scores of which will be disposed of within the next ten minutes. The half-pints being served in pint vessels, you might imagine there is no security for just measure. Not so, however. If the consumer suspects that he has not fair allowance, you may note that before drinking he turns his back to the light, lifts the pot to the level of his eye, and depresses it to an angle until the liquor flows to the level of the brim: at that instant he glances at the bottom of the pot, and he knows instantly, by the portion of the disc left uncovered by the fluid, whether he has fair measure or no, and will act accordingly.

In the order of progress the “reader” follows next to the compositor; and we may now turn to see what he is about. The compositors work in gangs and large companionships; but the reader, whose duty requires seclusion and close attention, invariably works alone. We find him in the smallest practicable closet, mounted on a stool in front of a desk, with a boy of twelve or fourteen by his side. The closet is a kind of den somewhat larger than a sentry-box, and, beyond two stools and a desk, has no other furniture save a diminutive stove and a few shelves stuffed with proof sheets. The reader is in the act of reading a proof sheet and marking the blunders with his pen, while the boy at his side gabbles over the copy to him as fast as he can give utterance to the words. You are able to understand but little of what the boy says, owing partly to his hurried neglect of punctuation, and partly to his interlarding the text with technical terms intelligible only to printers. Thus, if he have to read the words, “It is an old maxim that ‘two of a trade never agree’”—he will croak out, “Turns it is an old maxim that single turn two of a trade four ital never agree close both turns;” and in addition to this, some boys will rap the desk with their knuckles as they pronounce the words in italic. Our readers need hardly be informed that the expression “turns” in the above sentence, refers to the inverted or *turned* commas, which mark the beginning of a quotation, and the word “close,” to the apostrophes which denote its close. The boy is trained to read thus, in order that every mark in the copy may have its representative in the type; and he would really be of little use were he to read in the ordinary way. Some boys, through long practice, and a peculiar faculty which is by no means possessed by them all, acquire an amazing facility in deciphering even the vilest manuscript. It is a common thing for the compositor to have recourse to them in difficulty; and they have been known ere now to rattle off with perfect ease,

whole pages which were a hopeless puzzle to the men. The “reader” fills a responsible position, and performs a duty which, indispensable as it is, is proverbially thankless. He is never called from the seclusion of his closet except to be reproved for some mishap, and the best thing that he can hope for—the very climax of his desire—is that his unwearied labours may pass unnoticed; because nobody ever thinks of praising him, and he feels sure that if he is noticed at all it will be for the purpose of censure. To be completely qualified for his part, he ought to know everything—not only all languages, but all arts, all sciences, all history—and he should be a walking dictionary of dates as well. Of course he never is perfectly qualified; and therefore, in spite of all his pains—and he is the most painstaking worker alive—mistakes will occasionally occur. The effect of such mishaps, and the consequences they entail, are apt to tell injuriously upon men of a nervous temperament, and to render their vocation anything but a pleasure to them. What is singular, is the fact that the most startling and incongruous blunders are sometimes traced to the most accomplished men, as if to show that the most experienced watchfulness is liable to defeat. We knew a man who, having seen to press a work in many languages, with perfect accuracy, yet mis-spelled the principal word in the title-page, though the letters were half an inch long; and not long ago a reader whose tact and readiness were invaluable, in recording the eulogium of some heroic spirit who was described as “worthy to rank with Cato and Brutus,” allowed the last three words to be printed “cats and brutes”—and, it is said, was not able to face his employer for three whole days, from sheer mortification.

But while we have been making our observations time has rolled on—and hark! there is the bell striking one. Note what a sudden change comes over the scene. Up jumps the “reader” from his stool, and dons his coat—off flies the boy. Down go the implements of work in the composing-room, and away run half the men. What a clatter there is on the stairs! what a babble of voices above, around, and below, sounding all the louder because that groaning and grinding in the machine-room has come to a pause. Hardly have half the hands flocked out, when in comes the establishment of Mrs. Grundy, with no end of trays, plates, dishes, and tin-covers, with roast, and boiled, and stewed, and fried, and puddings, and pies, for those that dine in the office. The several portions are soon distributed among their owners, and fast arrive at the consummation peculiar to eatables. The hungry compositor does not stand upon ceremony; his seat is the bottom of his frame, his dining-table is his knee, and his table-cloth is his apron. While he is discussing his meal, the Ganymede from the public-house comes round again with the modest half pints, and within a quarter of an hour the repast has ended. The interval between this and two o’clock, when work will be resumed, is passed in different ways by men of different moods. If the weather is fine, a few may be tempted out for a pipe or a stroll; but the compositor, being upon his legs all day, oftener prefers to rest and recruit his strength. Some take a book and read; some are seen bending over the draught or chess-board; others are throwing quadrats, which are squares of metal, and gambling with them for beer; and some, perhaps, are playing cards in an out-of-the-way corner, where the overseer may not see them, should he happen to pass by. It is only in case of special urgency, when it is done under orders, that any man is seen at work during the dinner hour—the private regulations of the trade not allowing one man thus to steal a march upon the others.

Varieties.

WISE RESOLUTION FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.—Dr. Cheyne, one of the most learned and distinguished physicians that this country has known, recorded this rule of his conduct—"To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day; nor to mind anything that my secular obligations and duties demanded of me, less than if I had been insured to live fifty years."

LOST DAYS.—John Bradford, the Martyr, counted every day a lost day, in which he did not by word or work, by pen or purse, do something for the cause of Christ.

EXHIBITION STATISTICS.—The number of visits made to the building between the 1st of May and the 1st of November amounted to 6,200,000, being a slight increase on the number of 1851. It was understood that the money paid for admission amounted to £400,000, whilst the receipts for admission in 1851 were £423,792. There was no official knowledge of the expenditure, but the claim for the services of the police force exceeds £19,000. In 1851 there were 13,937 exhibitors; in 1862 the exhibitors exceeded 25,000. In 1851 the foreign exhibitors numbered 6536; in 1862 the foreign exhibitors amounted to 16,000.

A QUESTION OF HONOUR.—If a minister of any church is convinced that its teaching is erroneous and unscriptural, he is bound, as an honest man, while calling for a reformation of doctrine, to do so plainly and avowedly, and in the meantime to forego his ministrations in that church, and renounce the emoluments of its offices.—*Archbishop Whateley.*

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS.—I despair of having sufficient reason to believe that the moral influence of the fine arts is very great. We know that there is an incongruity in vice, and a moral fitness in virtue, which the taste that a study of these arts communicates, can perceive; but if this be the mere unaided perception of the understanding, it is, alas! too frequently counteracted by the impulse of the will: the inclinations are often so strong as to overpower the dictates of the judgment. The finely-tuned ear of a Byron, and his cultivation of mind, did not counteract the immoral tendency of his writings. May I, then, if I study the fine arts, study them only as a means to an end!—*Rev. Joseph Sortaine.*

STREET-DOOR KEYS.—It is a usual practice with persons taking houses or premises to receive the keys of the outer doors; these, when tried on the locks, are found to open them, and this, with many persons, is considered a sufficient security, without looking at the quality of the locks, or asking who inhabited the house before, or of what description the former inmates were, or inquiring of the landlord how many keys there were to the street-door lock when the last occupier took possession. Several keys may have been made to the outer lock for the accommodation of lodgers, or other persons. The consequence is, that keys are often taken away, and many persons may have the same means of access to your house as yourself, when you imagine that all is secure. It is well known that robberies to a large extent have been effected by such means.

THE ORANGE TRADE.—Oranges are imported in boxes containing from 250 and more, and in chests holding 500 to 1000. The quantity of this fruit imported has been steadily increasing for some years past. In the three years ending with 1842 the average imports were 334,070 boxes: in the five years ending with 1850 they had increased to 380,000 boxes. Since then the quantity has been computed in bushels. The average annual imports in the five years ending with 1860 were 977,440 bushels. The quantity taken for consumption has now reached upwards of 1,000,000 bushels, and, assuming each bushel to contain 650, this would give 650 millions of oranges, or about 22 for each soul of the population in the kingdom. The Azores, or Western Islands, from whence the finest or St. Michael oranges come, furnish us with the largest supply, more than a half of the whole imports. The expense of walling and planting an acre of orange garden is stated to be about £15 for the wall, £8 for 65 trees, and £2 for labour. It yields half a crop of beans or Indian corn during seven years, but no oranges; from eight to eleven years half a crop of oranges is obtained. Afterwards a full crop, which is sold for £10 to £15. Each tree on arriving at maturity will produce an-

nually, on an average, 12,000 to 16,000 oranges; one grower is said to have picked 26,000 from a single tree. The trees bloom in March and April, and oranges are gathered for the London market as early as November. The Portuguese never eat them before the end of January, at which time they possess their full flavour. In the season of 1851, which produced by no means an unusually large crop, not less than 353 cargoes of oranges, containing about 200,000 large boxes, holding 800 oranges, were shipped from the Western Islands. Fayal formerly exported a great many oranges, but the insect pest, which appeared in 1840, in a few years killed all the trees there. Terceira annually exports about thirty cargoes, and St. Mary a few cargoes; but St. Michael is the great mart. In 1801 the value of the fruit imported from thence was but £10,000; in 1850, £65,000; and in 1859, £84,123. It was estimated that the produce of fruit in this island during 1859 was 252,000,000 of oranges and 40,000 lemons; of these, all the lemons and 49,000,000 oranges were consumed on the island. The export of oranges from St. Michael was 179,379 boxes in 1852; 123,327 boxes in 1855-6; 100,079 in 1856-7; 179,922 in 1857-8; and 130,858 boxes in 1858-9. The trade has been suffering for several years from severe depression, owing to the low price obtained for the fruit in England. In the season 1858-9 the growers obtained an average of 10s. 5d. per box, which is considered a very fair remunerative price by the proprietors of orange gardens. More than half the orange crop is shipped in the months of November and December. The value of the fruit imported now reaches nearly £600,000 annually.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

THE BEAUHARNAIS FAMILY AND THE DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG.—Eugene de Beauharnais (the brother of Hortense, the Duchess of St. Len, mother of Louis Napoleon) acted as Napoleon's aide-de-camp in Italy and Egypt; commanded, at Marengo, a brigade of the guard; was made an Imperial Prince, Viceroy of Italy, and heir to the crown of Lombardy. After the events of 1814 he retired to the Court of Bavaria—was created Duke of Leuchtenberg, and died in 1824, leaving two sons and four daughters. The eldest daughter married Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, and became Queen of Sweden! The second became the wife of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Heheugen. The third married Don Pedro; and the fourth became the wife of a Count of Wurtemberg. The eldest son, Augustus, married the Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, but is since dead, leaving the present Duke of Leuchtenberg his surviving brother, who, in 1839, married the Grand Duchess Maria, the daughter of the Emperor of Russia. So widely connected are the ramifications of the Beauharnais family, which traces its pedigree no farther back than the aide-de-camp of the Emperor, and Josephine of Martinique!

FLIGHT OF TIME.—He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, and to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain. Yet it is certain that these admonitions of Nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat. From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed; and remember that every moment of delay takes something from the value of his beneficence; and let him who purposes his own happiness reflect, that while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on, and "the night cometh when no man can work."—*Dr. Johnson.*